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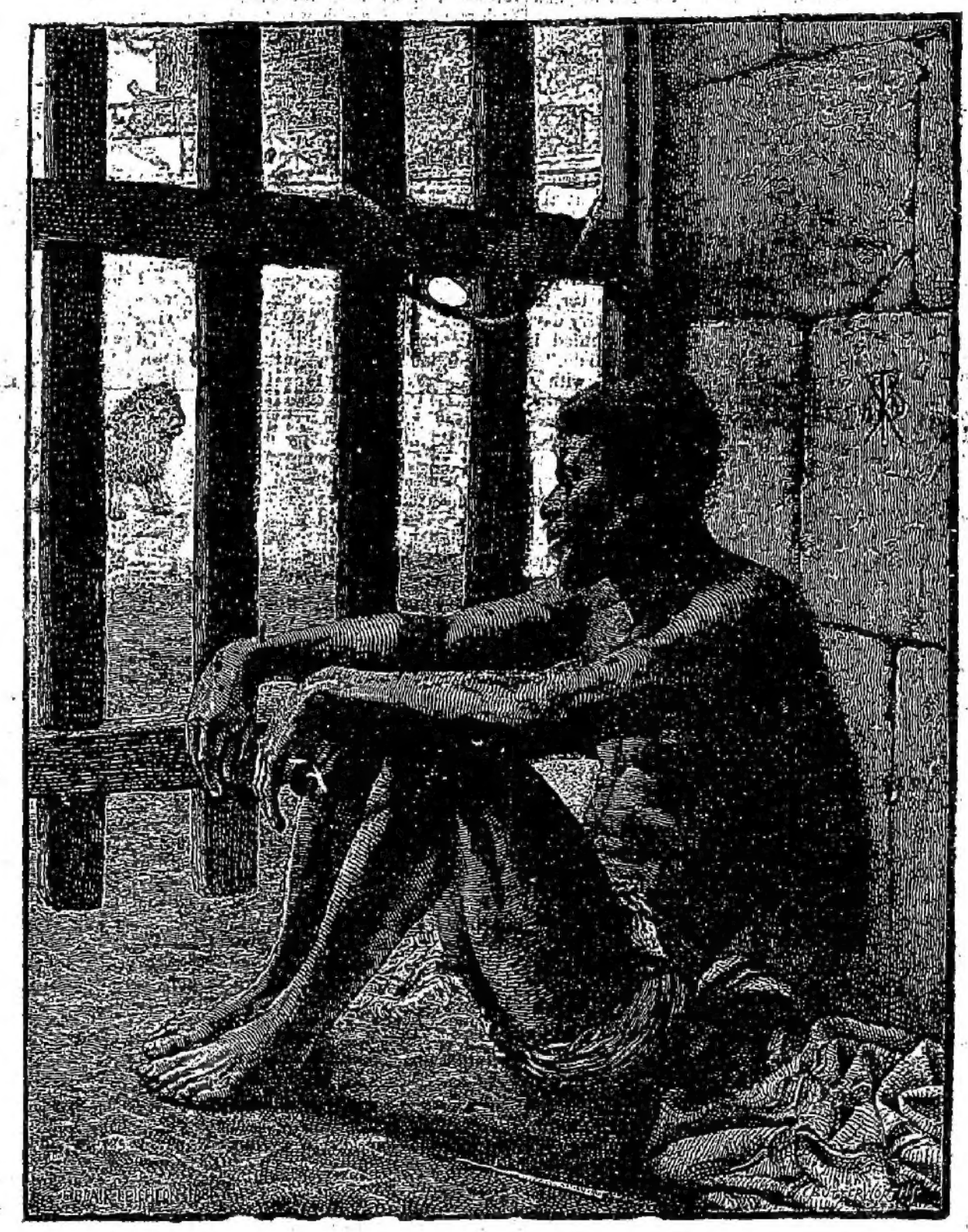
IN THE ROMAN ARENA.

Most of the martyrs probably died by the ordinary Roman method of decapitation preceded by scourging; but many were thrown to wild beasts. The cruel sports of the arena, in which men fought with one another or with wild beasts, had the attraction for southern races which the chase has for the more vigorous nations of the north. They delighted in such spectacles, and even in a still baser sport in which helpless men were cast into the arena to be devoured by beasts ravenous with hunger. The crowd was jubilant which witnessed such spectacles, the air rang with their shouts, but what of the victims? It was a doom of special cruelty, not only because it might be lingering, but because it appealed so strongly to the imagination beforehand and the sufferer died many deaths in the mental torture he endured in the dungeon while picturing to himself the coming scene in the arena. "Waiting" for such a death was worse than the death itself.

In the Roman arenas two classes of men were prominent—the fair-haired German gladiators from the Danube and the Rhine; and the Christians who were thrown as passive victims to the ravenous beasts. Had the veil which hides the future been uplifted on a Roman holiday, and the complacent spectators been permitted to look into the coming times, they would have seen the representatives of the victims of the arena playing an unexpected part in another tragedy. It was the tribes from the Germanic forests who overthrew the Western Empire and avenged the long martyrdom which their countrymen had suffered in arenas of the Empire. The Christians, too, without intending it, contributed to the downfall of Rome. They failed to reform the Empire and to give it Christian hopes; but their words gave to it a guilty conscience and a divided heart which made it an easy prey to the sword of the barbarian marauders.—*Sunday Magazine.*



"WAITING."

HOW TO READ.

EMPLOYING THE LEISURE HOUR TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE.

In my school days it was once my good fortune to spend a week in the summer vacation at the country home of a school-mate. There was a large family of children and the mother was a cultivated woman. There were rides, sails on the river, picnics, mountain tramps, and all pleasant country diversions, but, whatever was to be the order of the day, the hour after breakfast was always set apart for reading. We all gathered in the breakfast room, or on the piazza, and one read aloud while the others listened. The reading during my stay was the "Lady of the Lake." At the end of every stanza questions were asked by the mother concerning what had been read, and one or another was called on to express the thoughts of the stanza in prose. The large atlas lay open at the map of Scotland, and every locality that was mentioned was looked for, and at the end of the first canto we were all requested to draw a map of the course of the chase. To read anything in that way was a revelation to me: I had studied English literature at school, as I had studied geography and grammar, learning to repeat what was set down in the book, and that was the end of it. I still remember the pleasant drives in the farm waggon, and the beautiful moonlight evenings on the Merrimac, but more vividly and more gratefully I recall those morning readings. They proved to me a most valuable series of lessons as to how to read, for never after did I read a book through rapidly and put it aside, thinking that I knew all about it. The "Lady of the Lake," has been a favorite poem with me ever since, and whenever I hear a quotation from it or meet in reading the names of Glenartney, Benvoirlich, Uam-Var, or any of the localities mentioned in it, there rises before my eyes a vision of the broad piazza, with its charming outlook of sloping fields and waving corn, and the happy group that gathered so eagerly about the atlas at the close of the morning lesson.

How shall we employ to the best advantage the leisure hour that we can devote to reading and study? In the first place, if we can spare but an hour, or even a half hour each day for mental improvement, let us not give it all to the daily paper, nor to the new magazine, nor to the latest novel. A dessert is an agreeable supplement to the regular substantial meal, but how would the body be nourished on the dessert alone? The newspaper and magazine are, or should be, the dessert for the mind. Reading without reflection is much like constant eating without digestion. The mind becomes overtaxed and weary, and rejects all, assimilating none. A great deal more can be accomplished by systematic readings or study for fifteen or twenty minutes daily than appears possible to one who has never tried it. It would suffice to keep up French or German, and to become conversant with the best authors. Or a little time given daily to the earnest study of science, and one might become a skilful botanist or geologist. Or, if English literature be more attractive—as it undoubtedly is to the great majority—how soon would one become familiar with Milton or Shakespeare, Bacon or Macaulay, if a few sentences were read and considered daily?

Above all things it is important that one should read systematically and not be guided by chance. Have always a good book, a standard work, that will repay careful study, at hand, and to that devote a part of the time that may be set apart for reading. Before opening the book recall as fully as possible what was read the day before, and on closing it see by reflection how many of the thoughts of the author you have made your own, and so cultivate memory.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE DEPARTURE of men and angels from God began in pride, our approaches and return to Him must begin in humility.—*Charnock.*

GALLION COL... NEW M Poser 15&87

FEAR NOT.

Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.

Poor Joseph covered his head under many bedclothes and said the words with trembling tongue. He was certainly very much afraid. How the verse could help him he could not imagine, yet it was some comfort that it began with those assuring words, "Fear not." He had been only amused when he made the selection. His name was not Abram, and he declared to himself that he had done nothing to be rewarded for, nevertheless he chose that verse.

Now, under the bedclothes, he thought of it and shivered. What was the matter? The story is quickly told. It was vacation time, and the scholars had all gone home. On the morning of the day just past, the entire Fowler family had gone to spend the day with friends, leaving Joseph in charge of the house. They were to come home on the eight o'clock train; but eight o'clock came, and the train whistled and puffed itself into the depot, and the mail waggon, in the course of another half-hour, rolled by the Fowler gateway. Rolled by, to Joseph's dismay. There was no other train until nine o'clock in the morning. After that, for an hour, Joseph sat by the kitchen fire, and did some serious thinking. The day had been lonely enough for a boy who was used to many people about him, but a long night in this great shut-up house all alone, was a good deal of a trial. Still, there was no help for it. Joseph decided that from the first. True there were neighbors a quarter of a mile away where he had once been caught in a storm, and spent the night with the boys. He could scud over there across lots, and he knew they would be glad to see him; but he did not give that matter a second thought. He had been left in charge of the house, and did not intend to desert it. So, after thinking a while, he covered the fire, locked all the doors, and whistling a great deal, took his lamp and went up to his room, repeating in his mind, even while he whistled, the verse which began, "Fear not," and wishing that his name were Abram. After some trouble he had gone to sleep. But now he was wide enough awake and trembling in every limb. There were people stepping softly around the house, and at least two windows had been tried. Burglars! There was little doubt of it. Listening, he heard their voices, not speaking very low. "There isn't a soul at home," some one said; "I was at the train myself, and I heard the mail driver say, 'Why, the Fowlers were coming on this train, and there ain't one of 'em here.'" "They missed it, I s'pose; and they can't get here now till morning; we'll have a good haul; the house is well stocked with things easy to move."

After that, do you wonder that Joseph covered his head with the bedclothes and trembled? He was in the attic chamber, and the door was locked. The thieves would hardly be likely to trouble him; they would find treasures enough all over the great old farmhouse. But how dreadful to lie there and listen to things being stolen! What could he do? Suddenly his heart began to beat in such great thuds that it seemed to bump against the head-board. He had thought of something to do. What if he should go from room to room and light the bracket lamps all over the house. Might not the burglars think there were people in charge, and run away? But, on the other hand, might they not think of him, a little boy, and break in, and dispose of him, and have it all their own way? "Thud! thud! thud!" said his heart; but Joseph was already out of bed. He said it aloud, while he was drawing on his clothes, "Fear not, Abram, I am thy shield;" if ever a boy needed shielding, he did; and what if his name wasn't Abram? God knew his name, and God could shield him. Joseph did not doubt that. His hand trembled so much that the first and second matches went out; but the third lighted his lamp. A moment, and the rays from the great hall lamp with the reflector behind it, flamed into the snow-covered street. The noise below had suddenly ceased. From room to room went Joseph, shivering with cold, and with fear, but flaming up the lights until there was certainly an illumination in the Fowler homestead. Now he had done all he could, and might lock himself into the attic room and wait. What would be the result? Would the burglars be frightened away, or would they suspect the true state of things, and only wait to plan a way to get rid of him? With his head under the bedclothes he waited, shivering. For how long? He could not have told. It seemed to him hours and hours!

Every little while he bobbed his head out, and listened; all was still. However, this did not greatly encourage him; of course the burglars would know enough to work quietly now. Suddenly there was a sound outside. "Whoa!" said a strange voice, loudly, almost under his window. Then a loud thumping at the kitchen door. Oh! what should he do now. They had come back reinforced, and meant to break down the door!

"Joseph!" shouted a voice, "Joseph! Joseph!"

Mr. Fowler's voice, as sure as the world! Do you need to be told how suddenly Joseph bounded out of bed and rushed down two flights of stairs to the kitchen door?

"What does all this mean?" said the astonished master. And then, when he heard the story, "Well, I do say!" But what he might have said he kept to himself. "We missed the train," he explained, in turn, as soon as Joseph's explanations were over; "the others can't get here until nine o'clock; but I thought you would be a good deal disturbed, so I got the privilege of coming on the three o'clock freight, and caught a ride out with Barnet and his hens. Well, well, well! When I saw the house all ablaze with light, I thought first of fire, and then of lunatics."

Joseph slept late the next morning; slept, in fact, until the nine o'clock train came in, and all the people were at home, moving softly, so as not to waken him.

"It was a brave, wise thing for a boy of his years," said Farmer Fowler, after he had told the whole story and answered all the questions poured out on him from the excited family. "In fact, it was about the only thing that could have been done; there's no telling what he saved us by his quick-wittedness and pluck. The snow tracks show that there was quite a party of them. I'll tell you what it is, mother, let us write to that sister of his, this very day, and spread out our plans. My mind is quite made up that it is the thing to do."

About this time, Joseph awoke with a start and a smile. He had been dreaming that he was really Abram. "I was carried through it, anyhow," he said, as he made all speed with his dressing. "I don't see but I was shielded as well as Abram could have been; and as for the reward, why, I don't want that."

And yet it was on its way at that very moment; such a reward as Joseph had not dreamed of.—*Pansy.*

STORY OF A SYRIAN CHILD.

"Dear Mariam Sbamoon has gone home." So runs my letter to-day, and my heart is full of sadness that I shall never look on her guileless face on earth again. And yet

Why should our tears run down,
And our hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown
And another star in heaven?

Mariam came to us in the Institution first as a day scholar, and soon became the pet of all, through her gentle lovable ways. Not having brothers or sisters at home, she missed her little playmates, and constantly entreated her parents to let her become a boarder. And how happy she was with us. No, she never wished to be married, she said, all her life, whatever others did, she would be a teacher and remain in the school. One year she fell ill in the holidays and her recovery was retarded by her anxiety lest she should be prevented from returning. Indeed, her love for the Institution was quite proverbial among her relatives.

It was at the beginning of 1886, that, one Saturday night, the girls were learning a new hymn. The hymn chosen was, "Why should I fear the darkest hour?" suggested, perhaps, by the trials through which the mission was just then passing. Verse by verse it was being translated into Arabic for the benefit of the younger ones. As we came to the last line, which runs, "Jesus is all, and He is mine," Mariam sprang from her seat, clasped her hands, and, as if quite forgetting that she was surrounded by some sixty companions, fervently exclaimed, "Ah, yes! Jesus is mine!" The others were almost electrified for the moment by this sudden ejaculation of one so timid and retiring, but we thought it wiser to take no further notice at the time.

However, a few weeks later, when we were visited by that gracious influence of the Holy Spirit which so encouraged our hearts, Mariam came, one morning to me, with a radiant face.

"Oh, I am so happy!"

"Indeed, Mariam, why?"

"Because I have given my heart to Christ!"

"But I thought you had done that long ago!"

"Yes; I had given a part, but now I have given it all!"

She had learned the secret that only an undivided heart can give true happiness. Of course, the next thing was to go home and tell her mother, and then she thought she would like to tell her father, so we went down to the American Printing Press, where he worked, that he might hear the good news from his child's own lips. Never shall I forget the lovely picture which those two made, standing among the cypresses and the brilliant geraniums of the little shrubbery between the Press and the church. Mariam's slight figure leaning against her father, her cheeks flushed, her wavy hair shading her face, her expressive eyes saying more even than her words, while he looked down upon her with tenderness and pride. And now—one has been taken, and the other left!

When the children went home a little society was formed among the more earnest ones—"The Shining for Jesus Society," each member of which was to shine in her home, always remembering it was to be for Him! Very many interesting letters used to come telling of their efforts among other children to spread the knowledge of their Saviour's love, and one wrote of Mariam, "It would make you so glad to see her, with the Moslem children of the next house all around her; she is so happy telling them of Jesus, and they are so happy to hear." And then the writer described the Moslem parents; how they used to say, "Your child is too good to live; she is an angel?"

We feared no danger, but thought of her as one who would be a great comfort to us for many years to come. The following spring, however, she had an attack of measles, followed by much prostration, causing great anxiety for some time. Then she seemed to rally, came to visit her old companions, and then went to the Lebanon for the summer. But again her strength failed, and her sorrowing parents brought her down to the plain—to die. In much weakness and suffering she lay for some time, and yet, while the outward man was perishing, the inward man was being renewed day by day. Her Bible was her constant companion, and often she seemed lost to those around, holding converse with invisible ones.

A day or two before she died, seeing her stricken mother weeping by her bed, she said:

"Oh, mother, why are you weeping? Don't you see them waiting for me?"

Ah, no! The mother's eyes were blinded by tears. She only saw her dying child with the glory on her face.

"Oh, mother, I see them all around my bed. I hear them speaking a new language, but I understand it all. And I see Jesus! He is with me always. He talks with me and I with him. I am so happy!"

And then she sent a message to her companions, that they knew how she had loved her dear school, and had never wished to leave it; but now she loved Jesus more than all, and was so happy to leave school, and friends, and all and go to be with Him. And soon she was not, for God took her.

Dear friends, at home, whose prayers and contributions support our dear British Syrian Schools, rejoice with us that one of our dear children is now among those thousands that stand around the throne of God in heaven. You must rejoice with us, for as their part is that go down to the battle, so shall theirs be that tarry by the stuff, they shall part alike. May we not say, rejoicing while sorrowing, with good old Rutherford:—

And if one soul from Anworth
Meet us at God's right hand,
Our heaven shall be two heavens,
In our Immanuel's land!

—*The Christian.*

ONLY A LITTLE more than twenty-five years have passed since the Sunday-school system was introduced into Sweden. Now there are 200,000 Sunday-school scholars and 20,000 teachers within the country's boundaries.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON I.—APRIL 3.

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.—GEN. 37:23-36.
COMMIT VERSES 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy.—Gen. 39:21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Envy is the parent of many sins and sorrows.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 35:1-15.
T. Gen. 35:16-29.
W. Gen. 37:1-17.
Th. Gen. 37:18-36.
F. John 15:17-27.
Sa. Gen. 4:3-16.
Su. Luke 20:9-18.

TIME.—B.C. 1729. Ten or eleven years after Jacob's return to Canaan (our last lesson).

ISAAC.—One hundred and sixty-eight years old, blind and feeble.

JACOB.—One hundred and nine years old, with twelve sons and one or more daughters.

JOSEPH.—Seventeen years old, and Benjamin two to four years.

PLACES.—Jacob's home was in Hebron, 20 miles south of Jerusalem. Joseph sold at Dothan, 17 miles beyond Shechem, and about 70 north-east from Hebron.

INTRODUCTION.—After Jacob had met Esau, and parted in peace, he went to Shechem, thence to Bethel, where he had the vision, and finally settled at Hebron, the home of his fathers. Here Joseph grew up till he was seventeen years old, a lovely, well-trained, godly young man.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

THE TEN OLDER BROTHERS were trained in the worldly period of Jacob's life, and among heathen associates. JOSEPH had had ten years of the more spiritual life of the family. He was trained to work. He had revelations from God. He had the especial love of his father. THE ELDER ONES ENVIED JOSEPH—because (1) he was better; (2) he had reported their bad conduct; (3) his father had shown partiality to him publicly; (4) his dreams seem to assert a superiority. 23. STRIPT . . . OUT OF HIS COAT—this was the coat of many colors Jacob had made for Joseph in his partiality,—a long tunic with sleeves, worn by people of rank, made of many pieces of different colors, embroidered. 24. INTO A PIT—a dry cistern or reservoir for rain-water, cut out of the rock, shaped like a bottle, so that it was impossible for him to get out. They are abundant. Many are 20 feet deep. 25. ISHMAELITES—descendants of Ishmael, Abraham's son. GILEAD—a country east of the Jordan, near the brook Jabbok. 28. MIDIANITES—descendants of Midian, another son of Abraham. These were a part of the caravan which took its name from the more numerous Ishmaelites. TWENTY PIECES OF SILVER—probably in rings, like the Egyptian money. The amount was 10 or 15 dollars. 32. SENT THE COAT—by a servant. BROUGHT IT . . . AND SAID—i.e., by the servant.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of our last regular lesson? Where did Jacob settle in Canaan? How long after his return to Canaan was this ill-treatment of Joseph? What great sorrow came upon Jacob during these years? (35:19.)

SUBJECT: ENVY AND ITS FRUITS.

I. THE FAMILY AT HEBRON.—How many sons had Jacob? Where were the older ones brought up? (28:2.) What was their character? How old was Joseph at this time? (37:2.) What was his character? How was he beloved? How did God reveal himself to him? What were his duties? (37:2, 13.)

Did the difference in Jacob's character before and after his wrestling with the angel make any difference in the training of the younger and older children? Is there a moral atmosphere in every family? Has it great influence? Does the fact that God revealed himself to Joseph so young show that he was then a true follower of God? What lessons about home training do we learn from the narrative?

II. ENVY AND ITS CAUSES.—How did the older sons feel toward Joseph? (37:4-8.) What is envy? Is it a very wicked and mean feeling? What three reasons do you find in this narrative for the intensity of this hatred and envy? (37:2, 3, 4, 5-11.) Was Joseph right in reporting the bad conduct of his brothers? Was Jacob right in showing partiality? Why did Cain hate Abel? (Gen 4:5.) Do such feelings still exist? (John 15:17-19.) When and why do bad men hate those who are good? How may we overcome this feeling?

III. ENVY AND ITS FRUITS (vs. 23-36).—Where were the brethren of Joseph? (vs. 12-17.) Why was Joseph sent to them? (v. 14.) How long was the journey? What did his brothers say when they saw him coming? Who changed their plan and why? What did they do with Joseph? What kind of pit was this? How did they show the hardness of their hearts? (v. 25.) How do we know that they were near Joseph and disregarded his cries while they were feasting? (Gen. 42:21.)

What changed their plans? Who were the Ishmaelites and Midianites? What were their motives in selling Joseph? How did the sons deceive their father? How had he long before deceived his father? What is said of the father's sorrow? How many evil fruits of envy do you find in this lesson?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1887.)

1. April 3.—Joseph sold into Egypt.....Gen. 37:23-36
2. April 10.—Joseph exalted.....Gen. 41:33-43
3. April 17.—Joseph makes himself known.Gen. 45:1-15
4. April 24.—Joseph and his Father.....Gen. 47:1-12
5. May 1.—Israel in Egypt.....Exod. 1:8-14
6. May 8.—The Child Moses.....Exod. 2:1-10
7. May 15.—The Call of Moses.....Exod. 3:1-12
8. May 22.—The Passover.....Exod. 12:1-14
9. May 29.—The Red Sea.....Exod. 14:19-31
10. June 5.—The Manna.....Exod 16:14-12
11. June 12.—The Commandments.....Exod. 20:1-11
12. June 19.—The Commandments.....Exod. 20:12-21
13. June 26.—Review, Temperance, Lev. 10:1-11, and Missions, Ex. 35:20-29.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BABY'S SHOES.

Have you not all heard the crying, and seen the ineffectual angry attempts of a baby to free itself from the unelastic fixed restraint of its first shoe? A beautifully-shaped buttoned-boot—a miniature of its mother's walking-boot—coming well above the poor tender-boned ankle and even made with a suggestion of a heel!

Have you ever seen these modern boots taken off, and seen the violet-pink flesh and felt the clammy cold skin of impeded circulation? Have you seen the same feet, reviving after a little rubbing and soothing warmth had restored their natural condition—until suddenly Baby feels itself again; and the supple little creature makes sure of an old pleasure by putting his toe into its mouth? Even a worse shoe I see now advertised: "The Corset Shoe to form the ankle!" Those gelatinous bones, that tender flesh, are best formed by the simple methods nature provides. Judicious letting alone, and all the motion and restlessness a baby can give way to, are its right.

The shoeing of cavalry horses, and proper shoes for infantry, determine the full efficiency of soldiers. There is a whole literature on this; the best thought of military men has been given to it, in England more especially. While you know how the recurring operation of shoeing a race-horse concentrates the personal care of owner and trainer and special skilled farrier.

A country baby may go without any shoe in warm weather, and very loose ones after. A city baby is sacrificed to Mrs. Grundy, and its tightly buttoned little black boots hang numbed and chilled as nurse carries it. It knows better than to try even to toddle on those balls of discomfort. Either on nurse's arm, or strapped down in its carriage, the feet cannot be properly warm in those unaccommodating boots. From cold feet to headache, to disturbed stomach, to irritated nerves and that "malaise" which the plantation people called "a misery all over," is a quick process.

And there is worse. For any easy use this shoe practically ends the leg at the top button. The hinge-like joint which works the heel is too securely imprisoned to work forward freely. Its lateral movement leads to the danger of the child's avoiding the use of its foot and ankle; and as nature pityingly accommodates itself to wrong conditions, you will see a baby acquire strange dexterity in queer sidewise motions, and make the leg below the knee and the knee itself do duty for the ankle and the flexible toes. From this follow many lasting forms of hurt. And, at once, come falls and awkward habits.

In my limited province I came to the rescue with an adaption of the Indian moccasin. Making them of chamois leather for the very first shoe, at six and eight months; then getting a thicker but always pliable skin, dogskin or buckskin, and in time adding a sole of morocco. When the adventurous two-year-olds would make off to the stable and chicken yard, and find that pebbles and sticks and chestnut-burrs and frozen ground changed their mirth to wailing, then cricket shoes were substituted.

Neighbors and visitors have been shocked, and argued that these moccasins would "leave their ankles weak!" It was in vain to point out our erect swift Indians—all the strong field-hands of the South who never had shoes in childhood—and the Arabs and the lithe and graceful Hindu, and that marvel of endurance and agile strength, the Zulu. And the barefoot lads of all countries. What "shapes" all these ankles?

I am ashamed I never properly noticed this evil until it touced my "Small-Jack." His discomfort, his touching looks and gestures of appeal against the hampering of his squirrel-like activity, finally his recognition that he was helpless, and his way of meeting the inevitable, quite "broke me up."

Finding that his shoes were constantly put back on his kicking feet and that he was alone against the crowd, he just calmly sat him down and would not move at all. The cat, the coal-scuttle, his india rubber bath-tub, all his most desired and forbidden delights were vainly offered him. No. With the stoical resignation of an Indian he ceased to make vain attempts, but sat quite still on the floor, looking at those two new black shoes.

Coming overland I had brought from Cheyenne some little moccasins, because they were pretty and "baby." We put these on him and lo! a transformation—the little toes worked cautiously and found themselves free! Jack's face was lighting up with courage; with a swift dart he scuttled off and found he could begin his busy mischief.

Then and there I was promoted to the post I have filled since for Jack and his sisters of "Shoemaker to the Babies." Many and many pairs of pretty chamois moccasins have I made them; and in other young households they have been adopted and babies rise up by chairs and step along safely and gracefully and their fathers and mothers call me "blessed" for thinking of the safe moccasins.

And, girls, they are so easy and nice to make for gifts to your baby friends. It is such comfortable sewing, soft to the fingers and no edges to turn in; no ravelling, or thick seams, but just a smooth glove-seam and some embroidery.

You get a large and evenly dressed chamois skin—in shop-language "Shammy," "this size, one dollar." That and some threads of embroidering silks make the outlay. "Like the setting-hen you charge nothing for your time," and as a large skin makes five pairs of moccasins you see the result is "*magnifique et pas cher*" as the shop-phrase goes in Paris.

It is very pretty work to do baby-shoe-making as you sit at evening around the large table and a shaded lamp gives good light on the tan-colored goat skin; and while some cut, the girls who embroider can do the little front-piece, those who cannot embroider can make the neat glove-seam joinings of the pieces—and in less time than you could fancy the shoes are finished.

Nurse Katy sometimes would write me: "Please Nasmah" (Jack for Grandma), "we have had a misfortune with our shoes and Jacky is barefoot;" and back, by mail, the next day, would get to her the letter with a pair of moccasins inside.

I would be begged not to make them too pretty to wear, so it would be a quick outlining in black or red sewing silk of a hissing goose on one foot and a waddling duck on the other, a cow's head or a doggie—something to please the little wearer—and quickly bound with a narrow ribbon. Red washes. Another good in these shoes is their cleanliness. A little borax and warm water—no soap—and they can be made purely fresh. Dried on the pine form used for drying little woollen stockings they keep their shape.

And we have found the ankles were not "left weak," for at four years old Jack could take a standing jump of four feet clear, often some inches beyond. It was good to see how every limb and muscle answered, true as fine machinery, to its appointed use.

You can show affectionate remembrance of a young married friend by keeping "The Baby" in pretty and wholesome shoes for a year, for the five or six dollars you would spend for some ready-made present she might never use, a fan or a glove-box or a thousand stupid things.

If you want to be very complete and are making a special "first pair," work them with forget-me-nots, or small daisies or rose-buds, and make a shoe-bag of sash ribbon to harmonize in color. Divide it for the two moccasins, first working a flower or initials on each pocket. Into the small shoe put the permitted bonbon of infancy, a peppermint drop, done up in silver paper and tied with narrow ribbons.

Wanting to make quite sure of my idea of the usefulness of the moccasin, and the risk of the buttoned boot, I asked some questions of a physician who is wise in surgical treatment of injured limbs, telling him what I had been asked to write of and that I must be sure of no mistakes. He showed me plates and models and explained as only a full mind can, briefly and convincingly, that from the time a child tried to use its feet they must be kept free from any hard or cramping covering. He explained to me that lateral movement of the heel machinery. I am not in the least informed on such matters except as I have been "house-nurse" to the inevitable surgical cases in a family of boys.

What came more in my scope was a poor little, greasy baby-moccasin he showed me—brought to him among other Eskimo objects by Col. Gilder of Arctic fame. It is of almost exactly the size and shape of those I make for a year-old baby. With one difference belonging with their climate; the heel piece is not open as our Indians wear them, but sewed together with a little gore to give play to the ankle. This shortens the front piece which is sewed—a glove-seam with fine sinew for thread—up to the top-piece. And the heel is gathered in to that also.

The standing piece is nearly two inches high from the sole. This part of the shoe has been made from five different irregular pieces—scraps neatly pieced together, the sole and front are of one piece each. Evidently it is nothing but a very poor person's work and yet there are traces of mother-love in the attempt to curve and give grace on the front piece. Poor greasy mother and oily baby—the little shoe seems to bring them out of the Arctic darkness and within our warm homes, for they, too, are of "the little ones" of whom we are told to "harm them not."

My little shoes are carrying me too far, for here we are at the North Pole.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

I want to beg the overly-neat, orderly house-keepers, who never allow the children "to tear up the house," to take a look at the other side of the question, and perhaps the best way will be to give an instance or two of what had occurred, to my knowledge, in families where order and neatness were reckoned above all other virtues.

In Mrs. A's family there were five children, the eldest twelve, the youngest three. Every child, when not in school, except the baby, was sent to the neighbors to play. The mother would give to each a handful of nuts, or some corn to pop, or perhaps some crackers, and tell each one where to go, and to divide whatever he carried with the child he visited, and to stay until meal time. She was wise enough never to send two to the same family. But once, unwittingly, she sent a child where there was scarlet fever. He took it in the worst form and died. All the children suffered from it, and she and her husband were both worn out with long nursing. And the expense attendant upon the sickness and the heavy funeral expenses would have furnished anew the house which was too nice for the children to live in. This lesson was not enough for her; no sooner were they well and the place thoroughly disinfected than they were again sent out. But the neighbors were tired of always furnishing a home for her children and so they were forced to play in the street. Not a week since I read of the arrest of the second boy for complicity in a theft. When he was in my Sabbath-school class two years ago, he was such a nice child. What a pity that he must be driven to consort with thieves and vagabonds, that his mother's house might be always in order.

Another case I know, where the children are kept at home. But they are not allowed to dirty their clothes or faces; they never get the chairs down and play cars, or pull all the books down from the book-case to build railways. They are taken out for an airing on fine days, when they wear their elegant velvet cloaks, and are admired for their lovely clothes and colorless complexions and long, golden hair. I was not surprised to hear the mother say once that she always prepared more night-gowns than anything else for her children, as they were sick so much. She said there was never a week that the doctor was not needed for one of the three.

I have another friend whose two children know nothing of sickness, whose clear complexions and sparkling eyes are at least partly due to plenty of exercise. I do not remember of ever seeing them sit quietly at home, though at church or when visiting they are quiet and well behaved. But at home confusion reigns But, oh! what happy children, and what curious things they do. One day I found them having a menagerie, which consisted of three frolicsome kittens in a large mocking-bird cage, and a still larger kitten after awhile performed circus tricks. A piece of tissue paper was tied securely around the right fore-paw and another around the left hind-paw, and it was a circus sure enough. The last time I was there everything was so quiet in the kitchen, where they had gone to play, that we became alarmed, and slipping out quietly, we saw the funniest sight. The children had taken two empty tooth-wash bottles, cleaned them and filled them with milk, tied bits of cloth over the metal dropper and were learning those kittens to feed from the bottle.—*Aunt Alice*

RECIPES.

FOR TIRED WOMEN.—A roomy lounge in a bed chamber is a great convenience. It affords an opportunity for an afternoon nap without disarranging the well-made bed, and many a careworn woman would lie down for a few minutes upon a lounge in her bedroom who would not think of resting in the day-time upon the bed.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, one cup of water, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of brown sugar and three eggs. Squeeze out the juice from the lemon, and grate the rind, add to it the water, sugar and flour, mixing the flour in a little of the water, and the beaten yolks. Keep out the whites of the eggs, and add two spoonfuls of white sugar for frosting. This makes two pies.

RIBBON CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of sugar, one cup each of butter and sweet milk, four cups of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Fill two long, shallow tins with the above, for the two light cakes, and to the remainder of the batter add one cup each of raisins, currants and citron, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg. Bake in one tin. Put the dark cake in the middle with frosting between the cakes and on top.

TO STARCH LINEN.—If shirts are to be done up, try my way. Take two tablespoonfuls of starch and one teaspoon even full of powdered borax, and dissolve in one and one-half cups of cold water. The shirts must not be previously starched, and they must be perfectly dry. Dip the cuffs, collars, bosoms and neck bands in the starch, then roll up tight in a dry cloth, and let them lie two hours. Then rub off and iron. They will be like pasteboard and have a nice gloss.

FRESH BEEF, POTTED.—Take three pounds, or more, of lean beef, entirely free from bone and gristle; put it into a jar with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, then cover with a very close fitting lid. Set the jar into a saucepan containing sufficient boiling water to reach to within two inches of the top of the jar, and keep it boiling for four hours. When more water has to be added, it should always be boiling. When done enough, the meat must be chopped small with a knife, then pounded to a paste, with sufficient seasoning of salt and pepper, a small piece of butter, and the juice that has come from the meat—if there is too much of it, keep part back. Press the meat into small meat jars, pour clarified butter over the top, to entirely exclude the air, and store in a cool, dry place. Beef prepared in this way will keep good for a considerable time, and is always a handy dish for breakfast or luncheon; spread upon bread and butter it is simply delicious.

NANTUCKET GINGERBREAD.—One cup each of sugar and molasses, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cup of water, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of ginger. Stir into the flour and knead as little as possible. Roll in thin sheets and bake in a hot oven. This may be somewhat abridged, omitting sugar and one egg, or using all molasses. The following is another: Two cups of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little milk, and a heaping teaspoonful of ginger, and we have known a little allspice to be added. This gives a slightly different flavor, and sometimes leads one astray as to just the kind used. Stir as before to the consistency of dough, knead, roll thin, and bake. If more is made than is wanted for sheets, it can be moulded a little firmer in flour, rolled thinned, and cut into cookies. The children will like them.

PUZZLES.

SQUARE WORD.

An ornament.
Extent of surface.
A prophet.
Parts of a human body.

RIDDLE.

My first's in appearance, but is not in show,
My second in raven, but never in crow,
My third is in dinner, but never in tea,
My fourth is in turnip, but never in pea,
My fifth is in string, but never in rope,
My sixth is in priest, but never in pope,
My seventh's in iron, but is not in lead,
My eighth is in corn, but is not in bread,
My ninth is in Severn, but never in Dee;
My whole is a useful division, you'll see.

INITIAL CHANGES.

1. A deadly poison. Change this initial letter
2. And produce a walking stick. Change again
3. And meet a native of Denmark. Change again
4. And behold a beautiful temple. Change
5. And receive a Genoese coin. Change
6. And you walk through a narrow passage. Change
7. And you raise up an Arctic explorer. Change
8. And it grows upon a horse's neck. Change
9. And obtain a square of glass. Change
10. And you are of sound mind. Change
11. And you are shown which way the wind blows. Change
12. And things diminish.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

FINAL CHANGES.—Leap, load, leaf, leak, teal, loan, lear.

Thanatopsis.
Edinburgh.

The Family Circle.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR TEMPERANCE.

BY E. L. BROWN.

What can I do? I am only a girl!
What can I do in the world's busy whirl?
Others have money and influence strong,
But what can I do toward righting the wrong
That I see rushing on in a widening stream?
I would not stand idle and carelessly dream,
But what can I do?

What can you do? Do you ask from your heart?
As "only a girl" will do a girl's part?
Much can you do if bravely and true,
You use all *the gifts God hath given to you.*
You can show by your acts you have taken a stand
For God, for home and for your own native land.
This much you can do.

Then you can help by your words every day,
Patiently scattering seed by the way.
You may not see fruit for a long time to come,
But out of the many you've uplifted some.
Some will be *stronger* because you are *strong*;
Some will more eagerly battle the wrong;
And this you can do.

Let the words that you say, the acts that you do,
Always show forth the good and the true;
To your acts and your words add tact and good taste;
With these many difficult things can be faced.
Use all your talents in the cause of the right,
And for Temperance you can sing and recite.
All this you can do.

Don't wait for great things in a distant "some day,"
But do the small things that come in your way.
Always be careful to show where you stand—
Opportunity is ever our Father's command.
If you only are earnest, thoughtful, and true,
A great many things will your hands find to do.
Work away, and the Father will show you some day,
How many you've gladdened and helped on the way.
"Only a girl," but there's work you can do—
"Only a girl," and we greatly need you.
Come join us and work with your heart and your hand,
For God, for home, and our own native land.
—*The Union Signal.*

MRS. GORDON'S MINCE-PIES.

BY MRS. J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

Mrs. Gordon was what is called an old-fashioned housekeeper. She not only believed in preparing an abundance for Thanksgiving and winter cheer, but in having all she made for great occasions well-spiced and highly seasoned.

"This mince-meat, Agnes, needs a little more brandy to give it the right flavor, as well as preserve the fruit over to Christmas. I like to have a *good-sized* stone jar full of minced meat to dip into upon any special occasion. You have only to roll out a little pastry, and, presto! your pies are ready for the oven," said Mrs. Gordon one day.

"But, mother, I thought you said you would use part cider, to preserve the fruit and keep it moist."

"Very true; but I chopped up rather more apples than I intended, and more cider will be apt to give the pies a too acid taste. So get me the brandy."

Agnes went to the store-closet for the bottle of old brandy which her mother kept for pudding-sauce and such culinary purposes. As she took it *off the shelf* a half sigh escaped her lips and she murmured:

"I do so wish mother would not use either cider, wine, or any other spirits in her cooking. I'm afraid Fred will take a liking to such things."

Slowly she returned to the kitchen, pondering how she could tell her mother her fears. Mrs. Gordon was *not* one to brook advice from her children. She was too self-reliant and opinionated for this, and especially so in the matter of cooking. She took pride in being called a notable housekeeper. A New-Englander, and given to hospitality, her store-closet was generally well supplied with dainties.

Agnes, unlike her mother, had a sensitive, retiring disposition, and shrank from having a talk made over anything she did; and in a quiet way accomplished far more good than was attributed to her, and so few knew her real strength of character founded on Christian principles.

"Mother, don't you think the mince-meat will do without any more brandy?" she timidly asked. "I don't like to have your pies taste or smell of it, for fear it may lead some one into temptation."

"Of course not, or I should not have sent you for more. I don't intend to make such wish-washy pies as Mrs. Harrington makes. She brought on one of her pies the last time I was there to dine, and, I declare, it was not fit to set before a half-starved clodhopper. I pecked at my piece by way of being polite, and resolved that I should never omit the brandy in my pies for all the rabid temperance talk in the world."

"But, mother, if you think mince-pies are not good without the brandy, don't you think it would be better to give up making them.

"Nonsense, child! What a question to ask! Give up my jar of convenient and delicious mince-meat to suit new-fangled notions? One must be weak-minded indeed if he can't partake of such things in cookery without being led astray."

And Mrs. Gordon forthwith poured a liberal supply of brandy into the large wooden bowl of minced meat that she had been chopping; then giving the finishing touches to it in the way of more raisins, currants, citron, and spices, she exclaimed:

"There! I think that will do to set before a king. Won't Fred enjoy mother's pies when he comes home from college at Thanksgiving? Dear boy, how I miss him!"

"Mother, I, too, was thinking of Fred; and it was for his sake I hoped you could manage to put less brandy in the mince-meat. Don't you really think it might be made equally good without it?"

"Indeed I don't! What new nonsense has come into your head? Just as though it could possibly hurt our Fred to eat my pies any more now than it has done all his life! It is well enough to be moderate in all things; but don't go to getting ultra notions into your head upon any subject There, now help me to clear away this table, so I can see to spicing the pumpkin; for the same pastry will serve for both kinds of pies."

"Fred is fond of pumpkin-pies," added the loving sister, "for they don't stay long in the pantry when he is at home."

"The rogue!" replied her mother, with laughter shining in her eyes; "since he has grown older has such a saucy way of 'foraging,' as he calls it, that good things do slip away mighty fast when he is around. Well, 'boys will be boys,' and his merriest days are now; so we will not restrict him."

Could the mother have realized what Fred's foraging meant, or of all the temptations she laid in his way, could she have felt so light-hearted? Alas! like the spider in its web, she was unconsciously weaving a silken web into which his feet were already being entangled, and soon his whole body would be caught and enslaved. Think, mother, of the temptations you are placing in your son's way! Think of the wily serpent and the many enticing forms it can take to lead one to his own destruction, and stop in time. But no! the best of everything shall be for Fred, and the store-room key less carefully guarded when he is at home.

"It is only for a little while," she would say; "and, dear me! he gets little variety at his boarding-place. So he ought to have a good time in every way when at home."

Mr. Gordon was a plain, hard-working, practical, New England farmer, caring little for social pleasure. It was his wish, however, to have his children well educated; hence Fred was sent to college, and Agnes allowed to cultivate her taste for music and painting, etc. In household affairs Mrs. Gordon ruled unmolested.

Fred returned home with two of his classmates, young men from the South, who had thought to remain at college during the short vacation, until invited by Fred to accompany him home. And a merrier set could hardly have been found. As to foraging, Mrs. Gordon declared a regiment could hardly have made greater inroads upon her good things, and her mince-pies seemed to be in the greatest demand.

In putting things to rights after their return to college, she was rather surprised to find how many jars of her brandy-peaches had been consumed—more, she was sure, than had been served at table. Wines, too, that she used only for cooking purposes or in sickness, had disappeared in a wonderful manner.

Fred had smacked his lips over her mince-pies, calling them "prime." Could he be, as Agnes feared, acquiring a taste for liquors, and had helped himself and friends to her reserve store? How her heart throbbed, and how she wished she had taken warning from Agnes and others whom she laughed at as fanatical, so often replying that wine taken in moderation could do no harm; it was the abuse and not the use of anything sensible that made all the trouble in the world.

As she sat thinking it all over, she recalled some evenings when the young men sat up very late and seemed rather boisterous. Pale with fear, and tears glistening in her eyes, she sought Agnes and told her of the disappearance of nearly all her home-made currant-wine, grape-wine, brandy peaches, and other things of the kind.

Agnes' own heart was aching over the change she saw in her dear and only brother, and doubly pained at the ridicule he cast upon her words of caution, saying: "Mother approves of wine taken in moderation, and you need not be so silly as to fear that I will take it in excess." She could not grieve her mother by repeating this; she tried, though, to comfort her with the hope that, now her mind was fully awake to the dangerous pathway upon which Fred's feet were entering, he would be guided by his mother's good counsel.

But, alas! too late the mother learned her error. Fred soon went from bad to worse, then repulsed her, scorning her advice as coming too late.

"It was you, mother, who ridiculed total abstinence, and placed these things not only within my reach, but right before me. Your mince-pies, hot with brandy, and pudding sauces first gave me a taste for liquor. And you have only yourself to thank if at times I drink to excess, for a demon's thirst is burning me up!"

Poor, heart-broken mother! What words to hear from an only, idolized son! She bowed her head in humility and prayer, pleading, as only a mother can plead, for the saving of her child, that he might be kept from ruin—eternal ruin.

Her prayers were answered, but not until Fred was brought very low—his feet upon the borderland. Then, with loathing and a contrite heart, he turned from the evil of his ways, aided and encouraged by his sorrowing mother and strength given in answer to their daily prayers.

Mothers, take warning! Let not your housewifely pride get the better of your judgment. Shun the use of liquor in every form if you would keep yourselves and those dear to you free from the snares of the evil one.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

A ROBBER'S CONVERSION.

Col. Paschkoff, a Russian exile, tells the following story:

Some years ago a Baptist preacher, of St. Petersburg, married a young girl who had lately been converted, and who, immediately after she knew Jesus as her Saviour, had begun to go about telling people of his love. Both were greatly blessed of the Lord, and they decided to go to Bulgaria, which was just then newly emancipated from the Turkish yoke. He settled with her at Rustchuk, on the Danube, and from there took missionary journeys throughout Bulgaria, meeting often with great opposition and danger, but also finding at other times a willing audience.

Once, upon coming into the town of Bazardyik, he was preaching in the open air, and a group of people had gathered round him. A robber who for years, with a band of vagabonds and ruffians, had made himself the terror of the province by his daring acts of robbery, plunder, and murder, happened to pass the spot where the preacher was telling the people about Jesus' love to sinners. He was arrested by the sound of words so new to him, and went on listening to the story of the Cross, unable to tear himself away. The impression made upon his mind was so deep that he immediately procured a Bible and set himself to study it.

Having heard that the meeting was to take place again the following day, he once more came, and stayed on to the end of the meeting, touched to the heart on hearing the wonderful story of the Son of God dying and giving Himself up for the sins of his enemies. The preacher spoke of the new birth, without which no man can see the kingdom of God. The Spirit breatheth where it listeth. So it was in his case, for he felt, as he told it afterward, like a fire passing through his being, and felt himself become a new creature. He disbanded his followers and took to selling milk about the streets of the town, getting something like fivepence or sixpence a day for his pains; speaking all the time of his newly-found Saviour with such a power that the whole town was stirred up.

His gratitude to the man who, by the Lord's grace, had become the instrument of his conversion, was so great that he came to Rustchuk and entreated him to be allowed to serve both him and his young wife. As the missionary journeys of the former took him away from his home for weeks at a time, his wife remained quite alone in the house. This man, formerly the terror of all who approached him, served her all the time in her loneliness with the tenderness of the most devoted woman.—*Christian.*

"THEM THAT WERE ENTERING IN, YE HINDERED."

BY MARCIA HOWARD.

Our Lord said that once to some very religious people of those times. Does He ever have occasion to repeat it in these? Is it possible for professing Christians, even earnest ones, to become hinderers to those who are seeking to "enter in?"

Helen J. is a bright, pretty girl, attractive to young men and a favorite with the girls. She likes "to have a good time," as she expresses it, as well as most people, and generally contrives to have very many such. George W. thinks Helen about the nicest girl he knows—in fact he is fast coming to the conclusion that she is "*the one woman* in the world" for him. Naturally her influence over him is unbounded.

Helen is a professing Christian. George knows this, and Helen being his ideal of womanhood, he considers her, also, all that a Christian should or could be.

"Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord." Helen really interpreted Christ to this man, for, like so many young men of to-day, George W. saw the Light of the world only as He shines through His witnesses on earth, and had never learned to see the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Here come the opportunities, clustering around every hour of their intercourse.

George asks Helen to go to Thomas' next concert with him. It comes on Wednesday and that is prayer-meeting night. But Thomas presents more attractions, and Thomas wins the day.

George inwardly reflects that if Helen, who is altogether the best girl that he knows, doesn't consider it anything out of the way to break a church engagement it must be all right, and his standard of Christian consistency is lowered several degrees.

How about this lost opportunity to prove to this man that the claims of the Saviour stand first, and every other engagement must bend to His invitation?

George takes Helen to church Sunday night. The sermon is a stirring appeal to all to give their hearts to the Redeemer, and enter His blessed service.

George listens attentively, earnestly, is much impressed with the truth of the words and the importance of the appeal.

They go out into the darkened streets—an unusual thoughtfulness has taken possession of her companion, but Helen begins to chatter away about a fair to be held next week, and some tableaux, and what she is to represent, and how pretty the costumes are—lo! the serious impression is gone, only the lively tones and pretty looks remain with George. They part in high spirits, full of plans for the week's amusement.

Oh! what if Helen had said just a few words of earnest wish that her friend would heed the call, and join her in the heavenward path. Or if she had just been silent too, only speaking in the quiet of her own heart to God, for this her friend! Who can tell what might have come from those few words or that prayerful silence! Eternal issues have hinged on slighter things before this.

Could it be that this was a lost opportunity to win a soul for Christ? Nay, more. "Them that were entering in, ye hindered."

Unconsciously? Oh, yes, unintentionally, but, alas, none the less surely, fatally.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

MOTHER'S JOURNEY.

There is a hint, in the following incident, of the way in which children may be trained so as not to regard death as the King of terrors:—

That night, before they went to bed, they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better, or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her—they would love him for it all their lives.

She was very pale, but smiling, and her first words to them were, "I am going on a journey!"

"A journey!" cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey."

"Mamma is going to the South," said Katy; "the doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far-distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother, faintly, "and I will not come back."

"You are going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low, sweet voice, "I am not going alone. My Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-bye, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall be gone. You will all come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke, the father told them of the beautiful country at which she had safely arrived while they slept.

"How did she go? Who came for her?" they asked, amid their tears.

"The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" their father told them solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children. When asked about their mother, they say, "She has gone on a journey;" and every night and morning they read in her Guide-book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick," and where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A NOBLE STAND.

In one of the lodging houses at a seaside resort, there is a noble family—a rich captain, two daughters, and one son. A little girl had been waiting on them on Sunday night. She was always willing to run for them anywhere, and had just cleared the table, when the captain asked her to run to the hotel and fetch him a bottle of soda, when she said, "No, sir!" Being struck with the word "no," the captain enquired the reason. The little girl said, "My father never allowed me to buy anything on Sunday, not so much as a half-penny-worth of sweets when at home, and I am sure would not allow me to buy anything on Sunday if he was here."

Thus, this little girl reminded the noble captain and his family to "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The etiquette or rules to be observed in royal palaces, is necessary for keeping order at court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their kings. Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling.

Philip the Third was gravely seated by the fireside; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself; alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the fire burnt fiercer; and the king endured it, rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his reign.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier who knew the king's sister was in her apartment, and must have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her highness safe out in his arms! but the Spanish etiquette was here wofully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial; and as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish princess, however, condescended, in consideration of the circumstances, to pardon the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life.—*Curiosities of Literature, Disraeli.*

PUSS AND THE CRAB.

PUSS AND THE CRAB.

BY THE REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

"I wonder," says Puss,
"If a thing like that
Would presume to bite
A respectable cat?

It's the queerest thing
That ever I saw;
I'll hit it a slap
With my strong forepaw.

No! no! On the whole
I had better not;
But what curious claws
The creature has got!

I'll just step up
And quietly ask it
How it got out
Of that market-basket.

I'll play with the animal,
Just to see
If it wishes to do
Any harm to me.

No! I guess I had better
Get out of its way,
And I surely am safer
Not even to play.

For I'll get into trouble,
And horribly wail,
If that thing with the claws
Takes a grip on my tail."

"I wonder, I wonder,"
Says our little lad,
"Why the drinking of liquor
Is sinful and bad?

Some people who drink it
Seem jolly and glad,
While others are drunken,
And wretched and sad.

I'd like to know what
The effect would be
Of a very few glasses
Of liquor on me.

They tell me that folk
Are not harmed by the stuff,
If they only just swallow
Exactly enough.

But if they should happen
To take it too strong,
We certainly find
They are drunk before long.

I wonder how much
I could safely drink?
Shall I just try a little?
Say, what do you think?"

Now, lad, if you're prudent,
And smart as a cat,
You will say, "As for me,
I will have none of that."

Better let it alone,
And not even to play
With the dangerous stuff,
Which will lead you astray.

—*The Prize.*

TEACHING CHILDREN THE USE OF MONEY.

Did you ever think that your child ought to have an allowance of money regularly, if it is to learn how to take care of money? Did you ever think beggary was dishonorable? Yet you compel your children to beg for a large part of the money which they spend. To teach the child the use of money is easy if the proper means are employed. As soon as the boy or girl can write, and knows enough to reckon, it is time to begin. Allow a certain sum each week. Make the amount proportionate to the needs of the child, which should be regulated, as other family matters are, by the income of the parent. Exact but one condition, that the child should give an account of every item of expenditure. The child should also have certain regular expenses. It must be required to buy its own pencils, paper for exercises at school, bird food, or some small article of dress. It matters little what the expenses, manage to find some regular outgo. Make the allowance large enough to meet it and have a surplus. Forfeit the allowance every week when the cash will not balance. Make no remarks in regard to how the child spends the money. Certain things may be forbidden, of course; but the idea is to make the child self-dependent, in the exercise of its own judgment. If it wants money for a present, a little treat when visitors come, or a nicknack, the cash is in its pocket. It is not necessary to wait till papa comes home before a few nuts or a little fruit can be bought to treat a friend. If the child has a charitable impulse, and gratifies it by giving from its own supply, it learns the meaning of true giving. The enjoyment does not depend upon finding papa or mamma in good humor. The child's own forethought has placed some money in its purse. The regular expenditures have been met, and the surplus remains to be used as occasion requires.

Parents will find it a good rule to give every child its allowance every week. The money should be put into the child's hands. It is not well for the parent to act as cashier. It is not at all difficult to teach a child of eight or ten years of age how to keep a cash-book. It need not be in a regular form—but that will be of no importance—what is wanted is an intelligent account of expenditures and the amount of money on hand.

In cases which have come under our notice the result was remarkable. Children became thoughtful and self-reliant. Ideas of economy, how to buy to the best advantage, and the value of money are acquired. The independence which they gain and the ability to buy without a course of preliminary teasing for money, appears to be advantageous.

The parent who wishes to try the system must not forget that the key-note of the whole is found in giving the child certain regular expenses in connection with the income, which leaves a surplus over these expenses. After these expenses are met, the child should be allowed to spend the surplus as its own desires and judgment dictate, provided, of course, nothing positively injurious is bought. On no account should the child be allowed to "overdraw" his account.—*W. E. Partridge, in Kindergarten.*

AT ONE OF your first dinners in Ceylon you will hear a hurrying and a scurrying on the thin ceiling cloth over your head. An animal will squeak in mortal agony—caught. This will be followed by a disagreeable sound of crunching bones. You look up in terror to see the cloth sent toward you with a peculiar waviness. Your host will put on that superior smile which indicates vast experience and perfect "at-homeness" with such horrors, and will say: "It is only a rat-snake. It's dinner-hour up there too."—*From My Mission Garden.*

INSTRUMENTS IN GOD'S HAND.

Charles Ballou stood at the street corner. It was not a city, only a large town, not so large that a person who was much about town would not be likely to know pretty much everything that was going on.

Thus it was that the ringing of the church bell on Monday evening awakened a sort of wonder as to what might be "the doings" over there. He had halted at the corner to wait for an acquaintance who had promised to meet him at that particular place. Just down the street a few doors hung out a glittering sign, which had a peculiar attraction for this young man. Below the sign were brilliantly illuminated windows, and through the windows one looked in upon elegantly furnished rooms, where there were no signs of the enemy that lurked in the rear.

This was one of those traps for unwary feet with which our large towns and cities, and indeed many smaller towns as well, abound. Charles Ballou knew the place. He knew the danger; he had met the enemy there more than once and had been overcome in the encounter again and again until he had well-nigh lost his manhood. There were unseen forces drawing him thither that night; the friend for whom he waited was a force drawing him that way; his own appetite, his unbridled passions, all the evil of the region of darkness seemed to conspire to drag him down that street, if he thought to resist, and what chance was there that he would resist?

But the sound of that bell! Up the other street stood a church, and from its tower an invitation pealed out to the passer-by. From its windows an invitation streamed out while the gathering crowd seemed to invite every one to join them. What could be going on to call out all these people? he questioned within himself, and as at that moment one whom he knew passed he asked the question.

"Why, don't you know? Burton lectures there to-night, you'll need to go early if you get a seat; there'll be a crowd."

And Dr. Spencer passed rapidly on towards the church, saying to himself, "Most likely he will go down George Street instead of coming this way. Pity somebody does not stretch out a hand to hold the poor fellow back."

Ah! Dr. Spencer, why should it not be your hand? Let Dr. Spencer answer.

While Mr. Ballou still waited for his tardy friend, Laura Keene came down the street and was about to turn the corner on her way to the church whose bell was still tolling. In her haste she ran against the stationary figure of the waiting young man. "Why, Mr. Ballou! Pardon me, but I am in haste, if you will walk along with me I will apologize for my carelessness as we go."

This was said with a merry laugh on the surface, though Laura Keene's heart went upward in a quick prayer. Charles Ballou's young wife was her Sunday-school teacher, and this fifteen year old girl had noticed the growing sadness of the face she loved, and knew the cause, and longed to do something to help. "You are going to hear Mr. Burton, I suppose?" she added.

"I wasn't going," was the reply, "in fact, I did not know there was a Mr. Burton to hear until a few moments ago. Is he worth hearing?"

"Indeed he is; I heard him at the Convention last summer; he is just splendid. You'll miss a great deal if you miss him."

"What does he speak upon?"

"I believe he is to speak upon 'A question of to-day;' that may mean a great many things, and I suspect he will touch a number of points before he gets through, he generally does. Oh! he is simply wonderful."

"Allowing Miss Laura Keene to be the judge," said the young man, laughing.

"Well, come and hear him and be your own judge. Now just to show you that I know something about the merits of a speaker, I would like to have you hear Mr. Burton."

"Well, I will go in a little while; but I shall be on the lookout for imperfections, as you have challenged me to find them."

"Oh! I do not say he is perfect, but I like him."

And thus it happened that, to the surprise of many of their friends, Laura Keene, in company with Mr. Charles Ballou, followed the usher down the aisle of the already well-filled church. It must not be supposed that Laura Keene's parents allowed her to go about of an evening unattended; it was in the dusk of an early autumn evening that she met Mr. Ballou at the corner a few steps from her father's store. Mr. Keene was detained at his place of business, and said to his daughter:

"Run along, dear, and get a seat, and I will come later! I may have to stand if there is a crowd. You won't mind going to our own church alone." And this is how it happened that she met Charles Ballou as the enticements of the saloon were drawing him in one path while the tolling bell and his curiosity concerning it turned his thoughts in another direction. Thus it happened that hers was the hand that, added to other forces, drew him towards the light—not the glittering false lights of the saloon, but the true light of religion and temperance.

Meantime the young wife waited at home in sadness; a slight illness had kept her within doors for a day or two. Her husband had gone out that evening, saying:

"I am sorry, Allie, to leave you, but I shall have to go down street a little while; I'll try to come back early; but don't wait for me. Let Kitty put you to bed and I think you will be all right to-morrow; your cold seems much better."

She did not let Kitty put her to bed; but sat and waited wearily through the long hours. The little clock on the mantel struck eight, then nine, and still Alice Ballou sat in her armchair before the grate; she leaned her head upon her hand, while her elbow rested upon the arm of the chair. There were tears upon her cheeks and her eyes were heavy with weeping and weariness. As the clock struck nine, she said to herself:

"Only nine! Charlie will not be in before eleven, I presume. I suppose I may as well let Kitty help me to bed.—O, Charlie! If you would only come home."

Presently she heard a step on the walk coming up the steps; it sounded like Charlie's, yet it could not be, so early! She waited for the ringing of the doorbell, but it did not ring; instead she heard the click of the night key; it must be Charlie! It had been so long since he had come in early upon those evenings when he left her alone that she could scarcely believe her own eyes when he stood before her—though he did not stand long; he knelt beside her, and putting his arms about her said:

"Alice, I have something to tell you; something which will make you glad. I have been to the church to-night to hear a man they call Mr. Burton."

"O, Charlie! I know about him. And you have heard him? I wanted to hear him, but I did not know he was to be here to-night. How did it happen? Did you like him? And is he going to speak again?"

"What a shower of questions! I went with your little Laura Keene; I liked him, and he is going to stay a few days—and Allie, darling," here his voice sunk to a whisper, "I put my name on the pledge roll."

"O Charlie!"

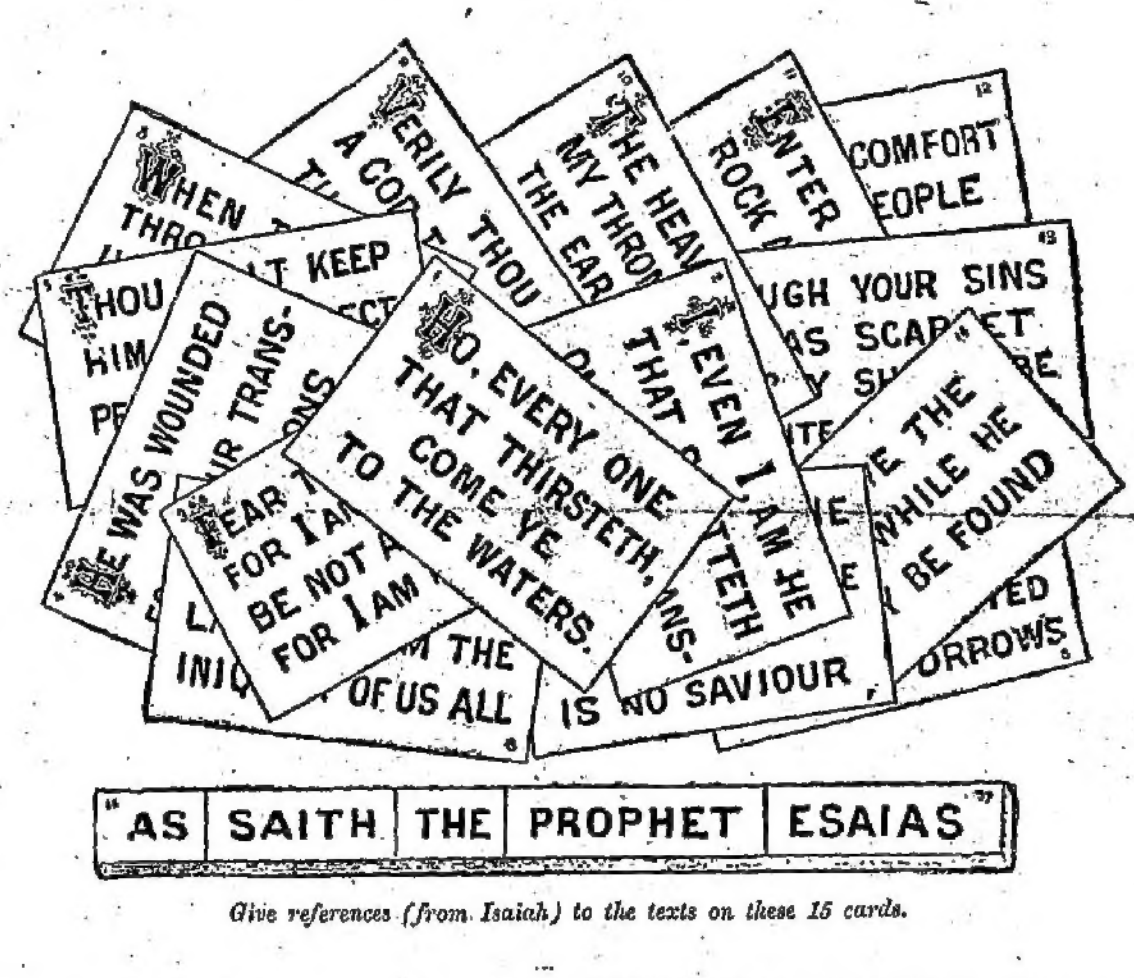
"Yes; and that isn't all. I tell you, Alice, that is a wonderful man. I have heard sermons all my life, but I never before felt that I wanted Jesus Christ for my friend; but to-night when he showed up the weakness of men and the power of Christ to keep, I just—took Him for my own!"

Alice was weeping now, but her tears were not the bitter tears of despair.

"It is only three hours since I left you, Allie, yet everything is changed; I am not the same man I was then, and that blessed little Laura is at the bottom of it all." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "But you are her Sunday-school teacher; I shouldn't wonder if you were at the bottom of it, after all."

When he told her the story of the evening, of his waiting at the corner, of his encounter with Laura, and all the rest—and at the close Alice said,—

"It seems to me that God was at the bottom of it all, and he used us all—your tardy friend, Doctor Spencer, Laura and me to bring about his gracious purposes towards you."—*Pansy.*



Give references (from Isaiah) to the texts on these 15 cards.

MAN'S POWER OVER WILD ANIMALS.

Those who have carefully observed the management of wild animals in menageries, zoological gardens, and in the pens of the animal dealers, must, at times, have been astonished at the ease with which hired men, comparatively unarmed, subdue beasts which we have been taught yield only to the blazing rifle, and fight gamely until death. A lion escapes from his cage, and crouches at the darkened end of the menagerie. Remembering the stories we have read of the ferocity of this beast and of the terrible scenes of the lion hunt, we can imagine only one mode of action. The keepers should arm themselves with rifles, hide behind barriers, and open a rapid fire upon him. To our surprise, they don't do this. They simply wheel a great cage up to him, fall upon him with clubs, and thrash away until he enters it.

Some time ago, an anaconda seventeeen feet long broke away while being carried across a public park in New York City. With vivid pictures of the exploits of this reptile in the Amazon watershed before our eyes, we expected to see him fall upon the nearest human being, enfold him in his toils, and crush him to a jelly. Surely it will take armed and resolute men to capture him! No; on the contrary, this is not required; and it must have been with a feeling akin to disappointment that those who had read of the ferocity of the anaconda da saw one man, armed only with a blanket, advance and seize him by the throat, while two others, also unarmed, grasp his tail, and then the trio, still holding on, carry him through the streets and thrust him back into the den whence he had been taken.

Not long since, the writer saw Mr. Thomson, a dealer in live animals, open a box containing an anaconda, quite as long as this one, take the reptile by the throat, and calmly examine his mouth, opened though it was in rage, to look for cancerous humors. Then from adjoining shelves he took python after python, each about ten feet long, and examined them in like manner. Only last week, at the place of another dealer (Reiche), a big, powerful Syrian bear, a type known for its ferocity, was subdued without the firing of a shot. The bear broke through iron bars half an inch thick, and, standing up with his back against a cage of monkeys, thrust his terrible paws threateningly toward three keepers gathered about him. He didn't have a chance to use them, however, for he was belabored with clubs until glad to get back again into his cage. On a pedestal near the gate of the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, there recently stood the stuffed figure of a donkey which, when alive, withstood the attack of a lion and beat him off. The lion, it seems, had broken out of his cage and escaped to a wood near by. On a grassy hillock adjoining, a donkey lay stretched in placid slumber—a slumber that was rudely disturbed by the lion, who, in a few bounds, was upon him. When the donkey felt the great mass of flesh descend upon him as if from the clouds, he was stunned and indignant, but not frightened, perhaps because he had never read any of the wonderful stories about the lion. He quickly recovered from the blow, and, rising, shot out both hind feet at the same time, and caught the lion squarely in the forehead. Badly hurt, the lion skulked off, and later the donkey died of the wound he received at the onset. —*Scientific American.*

TIMID BOYS.

Some timid boys are judged too harshly by their companions; nay, by their nearest relatives, and even by their own mothers. Johnny's mother kept it for years as an awful secret that he, a robust-looking boy, was afraid of the dark! She thought the trait something peculiar to that boy.

How relieved she was to discover that another mother's Tommy was afflicted with the same infirmity. If she had gone extensively into the study of biography, she would have found that several of the most illustrious men who have ever lived were mortally afraid of the dark.

Charles Lamb, for example, suffered for years from this cause, and suffered terribly. As soon as the candle was extinguished, his misery began, and he fell asleep sometimes only from the exhaustion of terror. If he had to pass through his bed-room in the daytime, he turned his eyes away from the bed, the scene of so much agony.

If some kind, judicious friend or relative had but known his infirmity, he might have been gradually relieved, and, at last, entirely cured. If he had known that half the boys in the world, at some period of their boyhood, are afraid of the dark, the bitter sting of shame would have been taken from him.

It is to be noted that good boys of lively imagination are peculiarly liable to this kind of fear. They are often brave in meeting real dangers, and, if necessary, they could fight well in self-defence, or in defence of a girl, or of a boy weaker than themselves. It is against imaginary dangers that their courage is wanting.

"I used to be awfully afraid of the dark," said a little girl of ten the other day.

"And how did you cure yourself of it?" asked one of her friends.

Her answer was a wise one, for so young a philosopher. She said, "Whenever I felt afraid, I would stand still and say to myself, 'There is nothing in this room except what there was before dark.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

When the Cross is heavy remember the sufferings of the bleeding Nazarine.—*Exchange.*

THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE RAILWAY.

BY THE LATE FREDERIC WAGSTAFF.

"I feel safer in the train to-day than if I had taken half a dozen insurance tickets."

So said a fellow traveller, the only other occupant of the carriage, as we resumed our journey after a brief stop at Bletchley Junction. Up to that time very few words had passed between us, as he had been occupied with the *Times*, and I with the new number of one of the reviews. When the train pulled up at Bletchley I remained in my seat, while my companion alighted "to stretch his legs" upon the platform. The remark which I have quoted above was made as we glided out of the station, and as I felt inclined to vary the monotony of the journey by a little talk, I laid my review on the seat, and asked what it was that made my neighbor feel so particularly safe.

"Well, you see," he replied, "as I was walking up and down the platform I noticed that both the chief guard in charge of the train, and the engine-driver also, are wearing the blue ribbon."

"Oh, indeed!" was my rejoinder. "But how does that affect the question?"

"How? Why, surely I need not tell you that, for I see you have got the ribbon on yourself."

"That's true," I replied, affecting an indifference I did not feel, and resolved, if possible, to bring my companion out a little, since he had himself started the subject. "That's true; but then I'm neither an engine-driver nor guard; what has that to do with it?"

"Everything, I should think," was the reply; to which I at once rejoined—

"Yes, if the blue ribbon were a badge of honor, worn by the men you speak of as evidence of special skill in their callings."

"Well, of course it isn't that," continued my companion; "but it's a sign that they are both teetotalers."

"That is certainly a good thing for their wives and families," I remarked, still resolved to play the part I had assumed. "If they are both teetotalers I suppose they take their wages home instead of spending them on drink as others do; but still, if you will excuse me, that does not explain your first remark. Why should a teetotal driver and guard make you feel as safe as ever so many insurance tickets?"

As I asked this question with all possible gravity, my companion looked at me with amazement. "Well," said he, "as a teetotaler yourself I should have thought you would have felt that too. Don't you see how much less fear of accident there is?"

"Well," said I, in a tone of affected unconcern, "I suppose it may make some difference; but surely it cannot be as much as your remark implies."

"It makes all the difference I can assure you," said my companion, settling himself into the attitude of one who intended to make a speech and was thoroughly in earnest. "Perhaps you are not a very frequent traveller?" I bowed assent. "Well, I am, sir. I am on the road five days a week on the average, and as my journeys take me to every part of England, and a good deal into Scotland, you may suppose I travel a good many thousands of miles every year. I have been doing that these ten years, or rather more, and though I am happy to say I have never been in any accident, God only knows when an accident may happen. They are bad enough when they do happen, you may be very sure; and as a constant traveller, with a wife and family at home dependent upon me, I cannot help feeling a bit anxious sometimes. Some of my friends laugh at me because I always read all about railway accidents in the paper. Perhaps that helps to make me a little nervous; but I have always done it, and I have always noticed that whenever there is a railway accident the chances are ten to one that drink is at the bottom of it. The signals are wrong because the man in the signal-box is half sleepy through taking a drop. Or the driver has been drinking, and either can't see or won't see that the signals are against him. Or else somebody has been treating the guard, and he isn't ready to put on his break if the driver gives a signal with his whistle. Why, sir, if you read the papers closely, and especially if you travel much, as I do, and see the treating of drivers and guards, and all the rest of them as I see it every day, you must feel that if there is one thing more than another that makes it dangerous to travel, it is drink."

"Of course," said I, "if you look at the matter in that light——"

"It's the only light you can look at it, sir, if you travel much, and look about you, as I do."

"Certainly," I replied, "what you say seems to have great force; and I seem to understand you now. You feel that the risks of accident are reduced to a minimum because we have got both a driver and a guard who wear the blue ribbon."

"If I had my way I'd make every one of them do the same," exclaimed my companion, who had worked himself into a condition of considerable warmth in his endeavor to make me see with him on the subject.

"Perhaps you are a teetotaler?" I said, with a smile. "A good many teetotalers don't wear the badge, I believe."

"Oh no, not at all," was the reply. "Not but I have always been very moderate, and always mean to be."

"But do I understand you," I asked, "that those accidents you have been speaking about all arise from drunken drivers and guards—those I mean, where drink has anything to do with them, of course?"

"Not drunkenness," replied my friend. "That's where the mischief is. If a fellow gets right down drunk he isn't allowed to go with the train, and gets discharged. It's the man that's been drinking just enough to make him careless or reckless that causes accidents, and there's no security against that except to have them all teetotalers. If every railway servant was obliged to wear the blue ribbon there would be few accidents, and the directors could afford to pay the men higher wages to compensate them for giving up the drink."

"Then according to your theory," I resumed, "there is more danger from what we should call a moderate drinker than from a drunkard as an engine-driver?"

"Most certainly; because even a little may make him careless, or reckless of danger."

"But if that principle be true, does it not apply a little wider?" was my next question.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you yourself drink—in moderation, as you say—but you drink a little. If a little is likely to affect the coolness and nerve of an engine-driver or a guard, is it not just as likely to affect, say a business man like yourself? If you are travelling every day, you meet scores of customers in the course of the week. In these days of competition, as I have heard my friend say, a business man wants all his wits about him if he is to get on. It strikes me, sir, on your own principles, that many a bad bargain is likely to be made, many a contract entered into that proves a loss instead of a profit, and many a bad debt is likely to be the result of the mental excitement of the one or two glasses that would still be regarded as strictly within the bounds of moderation. Come, isn't there some truth in that?"

I could see that my companion felt himself slightly put into a corner, as he hesitated before replying, "Well, certainly, I have no doubt there is some truth in that; but then I never drink, if I can help it, during business hours. Once in a while, of course, I cannot help taking a glass of wine with a customer, but I avoid that as much as pos-ible."

"But the effect of the glass of wine or beer you take does not always show itself at once," I urged. "As a man accustomed to observe things that are going on, have you not seen men clearly excited by the little they have taken, even some time afterwards?"

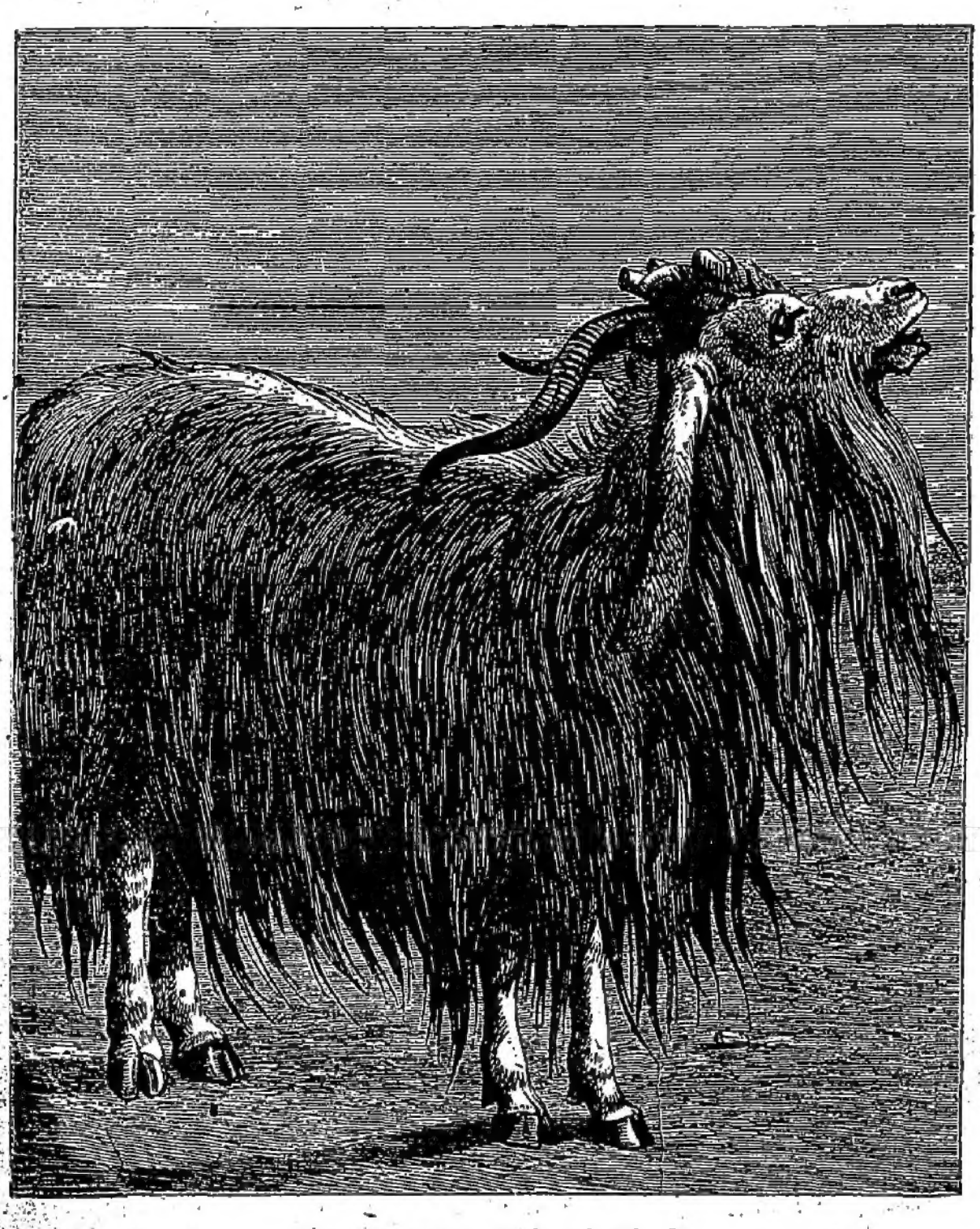
"Well, yes, I have."

"And they have not seemed to be conscious of it themselves?"

"Certainly not."

"And may not that have been the case with you, too, sometimes? What happens in one case may happen in another, you know."

My companion admitted that what I had said was true, and the rest of our journey was occupied by an interesting and pleasant discussion on the question which had thus been raised. My friend laughingly remarked that he found I was not quite so ignorant on the subject as I had at first appeared to be; and when we parted he readily accepted several small pamphlets which I offered him, and promised to give them and the whole matter a serious and dispassionate consideration, and especially to remember that it was his own logic that had cut the ground *from* beneath *his* feet as a moderate drinker, since, according to his own showing, the blue ribbon, as an emblem of total abstinence, was better than a ticket of insurance.—*British Workman.*



THE SCAPE-GOAT. (Levit. xvi. 10.)

THE SCAPEGOAT.

We find it recorded in Old Testament history that God desired Aaron to take two young goats for a sin offering, and to present them before the Lord at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. Then he was to cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scapegoat. The goat upon which the Lord's lot fell was offered up as a sin-offering, but the other goat was allowed to escape away into the wilderness, for a scapegoat, but not until the High Priest had solemnly put his hands upon its head and confessed all the sins of all the people. Then the creature was set free.

In all this, a good God would teach us to understand His mercy towards us in Jesus Christ. The goat which was sacrificed set forth Christ suffering for our sins; they were imputed to Him, and He bore the punishment of them. For His sake the sins of all believers are entirely forgiven and remembered no more, and this was shadowed forth by the scapegoat being sent away into the wilderness, never to be heard of any more.

Thus, in the scapegoat we see our Saviour bearing the sins of all true believers into the land of forgetfulness. But we should always remember that it is only truly humble persons who repent, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance, who can share in this blessing.—*D. B. McKean, in The Prize.*

A YOUNG LADY was once writing to a young man indulging in vicious courses, whom she desired to warn and counsel; but before she began her letter, she sought her greatest Friend. "My Father," she pleaded, "Thou hast commissioned me to write this letter; do Thou, then guide the pen thy child shall hold, and give the thoughts that pen shall trace. In such a spirit was it written that the recipient, in his reply, said: "Surely God dictated that letter; bad as I am, I yet understand every word of it, and could believe it was written with a quill from an angel's wing." Of course this was an exaggerated piece of compliment as to the latter idea; but the young man was led, by that letter, to give up his evil companions, and to seek the Lord with all his heart.—*Christian.*

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, of this city, well-known as the associate of Dr. Vincent in Sunday-school and Chautauqua works in the *Christian Advocate*, gives the result of his inquiries and observation in Kansas concerning the workings of constitutional prohibition. He conducted the Ottawa Sunday-school Assembly last summer, as in previous years. We quote the following:

"The Ottawa Sunday-School Assembly is, next to Chautauqua, one of the largest of the summer assemblies in the country. It is held in Ottawa, Kan., fifty-seven miles southwest of Kansas city. On special days large numbers of people gather here. On the 4th of July, 1882, the gate-receipts showed that 17,000 people were present. Yet there was not a drop of liquor to be seen nor a drunken man. Last summer 20,000 people were present on Grand Army day, nearly 2,000 being old soldiers. Yet there was no sign of drinking, not even a bottle passed from mouth to mouth, and two policemen wandered aimlessly around the ground with nothing to do 'except to hunt up the proprietors of lost children,' as one of them told me.

"Ottawa, the seat of the Assembly, is a growing town of 8,000 people, without a saloon to be found. A merchant of the city, whose name I could give if necessary, was once asked by a visitor from the east to tell him where he could get some liquor. He said: 'There is not a place in this town where liquor is sold.'

"'That is nonsense,' replied the Eastern man. 'I know that liquor is sold in this town, and I believe I can buy it.'

The Ottawa merchant took out a five-dollar bill, handed it to him, and said:

"'There, take that, and if you can buy any liquor with it you shall keep the change.'

"He went out, and, after a two hours' search, returned and handed back the bill, saying:

"'I couldn't get any liquor, but I still believe there is some place where it could be bought if people weren't so mightily afraid they would be given away for selling it.'

"Liquor-sellers may well be afraid, for the law in Kansas is very severe. They have gotten beyond fines, and send to the State Prison all convicted of having liquor on their premises for sale.

"Last summer I called a meeting at the Ottawa Assembly of all the ministers upon the ground for a conference upon the temperance question. Sixty ministers were present, representing eleven different denominations and nearly all sections of the State. They were asked to state the facts as known to them in answer to two questions: 1. To what extent does prohibition prohibit? and 2. What are the effects of prohibition upon the State?

"The answers given by these ministers were carefully written down. All of them, except the men from Leavenworth and Atchison, stated: 'There are no open saloons in our section.' The two exceptions are both river towns, on the Missouri boundary, both founded by 'border ruffians' before the war, and both largely dominated by the same element still. Yet since the meeting I have been informed that in one of these towns the saloons are now closed, and likely to so remain."

SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

BY MRS. A. A. HOBART.

I see by the last copy of *Woman's Home Missions* that testimonials are called for on "Systematic Giving." I just want to give my own observation and experience in few words. Some twenty-two years ago my good husband, (who was one of God's ministers) was drawn by some holy impulse to adopt the "tenth system," and accordingly commenced laying aside this part of every dollar of his income, strictly to be devoted to the benevolent purposes of the Church work. The *poor* were remembered, but this he did not take from the "tenth." Whenever a dollar came in he would take ten cents of it, place it in an envelope labelled "Lord's Money" and no matter how hungry he might have been, or how penniless, he never was a defaulter with the "Lord's Money." At this time he began to have more and save more, consequently had more to give. One instance I wish to give to prove how wonderfully God opens His hands when His servants trust in Him. Some twenty-five years previous to this, he had a sum of money, which he loaned to a member of his church who was a business man, from which he received for several years six percent interest annually. The time came when the interest did not come, and he visited the man and found him sick unto death. He died insolvent and, of course, with other creditors he must sustain a great loss. He promised God if He could by any means restore the lost money thirty dollars should be devoted to the Church. Years passed on and from time to time he kept receiving letters from the executor that if he would send him his note he could have a very small percentage. He never sent it, but continued to trust. One night there came to him through the mail a letter from a perfect stranger, from West Carlton, Vt., saying if he would send him that note he could have his money. It was none other than the son-in-law of the man who borrowed it in the first place. He did not compute the interest for the many years in the past, but ventured to send the note with a feeling of thankfulness to get the principal. In a few days it all came, principal and interest even to the odd cents. Consequently the thirty dollars went into the Lord's treasury. And this was only one of the blessings that came to him through this system. I adopted this same plan myself and continued it until the year 1877, when the Lord came and took the good husband to Himself. I was left to care for myself and family, and daily the outgo was more than the income. I felt that I must be exceedingly prudent, therefore shut up my hand for three long years. During these years my way looked dark and the future I did not dare to contemplate. God was about to test my generosity to its utmost. The "tenth" must be sacrificed and a particular object was presented. I can never find adequate language to describe the uplift of faith that came to me in this experience. I soared away "above the common walks of virtuous life just on the verge of heaven." Now for the outcome. When this was called for, I was the same as without house and home. Since that God has set me down, without my seeking, in one of the pleasantest homes that any mother could possibly have, without a cent of expense to me year in and year out. God is my witness that all these blessings have come through this simple instrumentality.—*Woman's Home Missions.*

WHO WILL HELP.

Think for a moment of the suffering there would be in America were there only one medical man for every eight million persons. Yet that is actually the case in China. The demand for medical missionaries is most urgent, and, what is more, missionaries have found that in many places and among certain classes the giving of medical aid is the only way in which they can get the people to listen to the Gospel. When the missionaries heal their bodies they are so grateful that they listen gladly to the story of the Great Physician, who cured sin as well as bodily diseases. Indeed, when we think how closely a Christian doctor can follow the methods of the Saviour, what a grand calling it seems! The call for female medical missionaries is even greater than that for male physicians. The women think they cannot be healed by a man, and suffer untold misery. Are there not in this Christian land, among the thousands of able-bodied, talented Christian men and women, some who will heed the piteous cry for help which comes from our brothers and sisters across the sea? It is a hard work, to be sure; and no one who has not a genuine love for souls ought to undertake it. But among all those who pray every day, "Lord, show me what Thou wouldst have me to do," are there not some who are willing to do it for the sake of Him who has done so much for them? One word to those who cannot go in person to foreign lands, but who are likewise enquiring what they can do for Jesus. The great work of foreign missions needs the support, sympathy, and, above all, the prayers of every true Christian. Especially do I appeal to the girls and young ladies. We do not realize how much we might help on this work. I think every church ought to have connected with it a Young Ladies' Missionary Society; and if you belong to a church which has none, use all the influence in your power to get one started. Let its object be to create and keep alive a missionary spirit, and the giving of your money to send the Gospel to the heathen.—*Cor. N.Y. Witness.*

Question Corner.—No. 5.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. To what city did David flee when he feigned himself mad?
2. The men of what city took the bodies of *Saul and Jonathan and gave them* honorable burial?
3. In what city was the public selection and appointment of the first king of Judah?
4. What city was founded by Omri.
5. What city was the extreme northern landmark of Palestine.
6. What was the chief city of the Ammonites?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 4.

1. *Charity.*
2. Jericho, Josh. 6. 26.
3. Bethlehem, 1 Sam. 16. 1-4.
4. Jerusalem, 2 Chron. 3. 1.
5. Kedesh, Shechem, Tarjath-Arba, Bezer, Ramoth and Golan, Josh. 20: 7, 8.
6. Ashdod, Josh. 15: 47, 1 Sam. 5. 5.
7. Gaza, Jud. 16: 3.
8. Ashelon, Jud. 14: 19.

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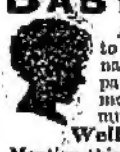

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